

ΕΝ ΤΗ ΠΟΤΟΛΟΓΟΥ

OR, THE

PICTURE

OF

CATALINA D. A.

Drawn to the LIFE.

By BETTER to himself.

*Catalina accusat maritum Catalina Cerbegum.*  
Juven.

LONDON.

Printed, and are to be Sold by the Booksellers of London  
and W. Chiswell, MDCXCVII.



C

---

---

THE  
PICTURE  
OF  
Titus Bates, D. D.

Drawn to the LIFE.

*Doctor,*

FOR so you dignify your self, and I shall not stand with you for a Title) you have lately oblig'd the World with Three Labour'd Pieces, being your First, Second and Third *Eicon Basiliques; or, True Pictures of the late King James, drawn to the Life.* Truly, Doctor, to do you Right, I believe the whole Draught (by a peculiar bold Stroke all the way throughout it, *viz.* of Railing and Beroguing at every Shadow and Dash of your Quill) to be truly your own. That singular Master-Touch of yours is so conspicuous, all through the Rough Painting, that without the Subscription of your Name, every

.A 2

com-

common Eye may find whose Pencil-work 'tis; for he that reads but three Pages, may plainly see the *Delineavit Titus*.

—I confess, sweet, or rather four Doctor, you have a strange Faculty at hard Words, and paw Names; and truly, Doctor, you treat Princes with the same broad-mouth'd homely Dialect, as you do all Mankind. But no matter; what you want in Civility and Good Manners, perhaps you have in other Qualities and Accomplishments: And we allow you the Ambition you have always had to be a Courtier; tho' perhaps not altogether so fit for a Master of the Ceremonies.

But all Rallery apart, bar the Rudeness of the Stile, (and yet that's a little pardonable, as being a special Talent of your own) I heartily thank you for the Subject. I acknowledge, from the hearty Spirit of honest Truth, you have expos'd, and very justly, the false Hands at the Great Helm, through the two last Reigns of not over-fragrant Memory.

But, Sir, in all the true Strokes you have made in the Picture, you have notoriously flatter'd the Painter. For in drawing of King *James* and his Brother, both at full Length, you have here and there dash'd in some few Lineaments of your own, viz. your Virtues, Innocence, Services to the Nation; together with a lamentable Outcry of Wrongs, Oppression, suffering for Faith and a good Conscience, and what not; when there are Thousands in the World, that believe not one of all these Qualifications, Graces, Merits, Pretensions or Titles, belong to you.

This is a sort of Plain-dealing, which is sometimes valued at the Price of Jewels, and you must pardon my Freedom on this Occasion. I must confess, Doctor, these Three Pieces, in Attack against Popery and Arbitrary Power, contain a great deal of unquestion'd Truth, and have



have highly contributed to your Reputation ; and I must say this of you,

— *Omnia si sic*  
*Dixisses* —

Had every Oracle you deliver'd, been founded upon as solid a Foundation of Veracity, no Person in the World should have been louder in your Praises, than my self ; nay, this present Paper, instead of a Reprimand or Satyr, should then have been an Eulogy and Panegyrick.

Nor is there any Thing here urged, in the following Discourse I intend to have with you, with the least Design whatever, of invalidating, lessening, or scandalizing those Collections and Memoirs (you have there so laboriously compiled) of the Mis-management of the last two Reigns, Heaven knows but all too true. However, you must give me leave to tell you, That the World would be highly inclinable to set a yet greater Value upon your Works themselves, would you endeavour something more largely to set the Hand that holds the Pen, a little more to Rights with them ; by washing your blemish'd Credit a little whiter in the Opinion of Mankind, at least the thinking part of Mankind ; whose much-wanted Reconciliation would be highly to your Service.

'Tis true, for my own part, my natural Abhorrence and Detestation of *Rome*, and all its Works, is such, that I would gladly give a Lawrel to every Champion against them ; insomuch, that in all due Respect to your Great Undertaking, I would have that *Babylon-Monster* so combated on all sides, that I am pleas'd to see that *Leviathan a Pontifex Maximus*, attack'd, rather than fail, Dr. even by a *Carnifex Maximus*. I love and honour such darling Truths, expos'd in their true Light, even from any Tongue : And as a Parallel to your own Case ;

we.

we read, of Old, of Heathen Oracles, that very often deliver'd Truths, though at the same time the very Father of Lies, the Devil himself, spoke in them. But truly, Doctor, if an Angel of Light, instead of a Minister of Darkneſs, had deliver'd thoſe Truths, the Divining Spirit that utter'd them, had render'd them a great deal more grateful Muſick. The Harmony of Truth would have been much more charming from a Seraphick Trumpet, than an Infernal Organ.

And now, Doctor, as you have look'd back into the Miſcarriages of Princes, pray turn one Glance upon ſome little Peccadilios of your own. You may recollect, as we all do, with a ſorrowful Remembrance, that you once uſher'd into the World a moſt diſmal Conſpiracy againſt the Life of King *Charles II.* by the Hands of *Grove* and *Pickering*, for Shooting the King in *St. James's Park*; with a long Narrative of a whole Army of Popiſh Pilgrims and Black Bills from *St. Iago* in *Spain*, to be landed at *Milford-Haven*; Commiſſions from *Paulus d' Oliva* for Generals and Major-Generals, for an Army of all Papiſts, all ready liſted againſt the Fall of the King; and no leſs than 60 thouſand of them, being twice as many as there are Men, Women and Children, of *Romaniſts*, in the whole Kingdom; and all for ſubduing and ſubjecting the Proteſtants to the Popiſh Yoke: Particularly, that an infinite number of the Inferiour Commiſſions, ſtampt and ſeal'd by Father *Whitebread*, you deliver'd with your own Hands, &c. cum multis aliis, ſeveral other Discoveries, all of the ſame rueful Countenance.

Now all this Diſcovery you are pleaſed to ſtile, *The Teſtimony of Truth and a good Conſcience*; and yet there are Thouſands and ten Thouſands in little *Old England*, that do not believe one Syllable of all this Teſtimony, and that from ſo reaſonable a Ground for their Infidelity,

lity, that they look for the Cloven Foot whenever they hear it but named ; especially under the Title of *Truth and a good Conscience*.

Look ye, Doctor, I would not willingly invade your Province, *viz.* of Railing ; but would moderately offer you some Questions relating to your *quondam* Evidence ; which, among a hundred more upon the same fertile and copious Subject, have been often askt you, but never yet answer'd.

In the first Place your Plot sets forth, That the restless Spirits of the Papists, having a design to restore their long Abdicated Religion into *England*, the Life of King *Charles II.* lay in their way ; and for his Removal, a Club or Consult of Jesuits, and other Popish Emissaries, to the number of Fifty, several of them coming over from Remote and Foreign Countries, on this great Occasion, all met together ; where the whole Result of their Meeting (which was in *April, 1678.*) subscribed by all their Hands, were, That *Groves* and *Piskering* should go on with their design of killing the King, *viz.* with their screw'd Gun and Silver Bullet.

Now, Doctor, it looks very odly, That those two King-killers, who by your own Oath had been Seven Years before endeavouring to do the Execution ; (but one time by having the Flint loose, another time the Gun charged with all Bullets and no Powder, and several other Blunders and Miscarriages, had never executed their Design ; ) should be chosen the only Engines, or Engineers, to go on with so important a Service to the Popish Cause, as the Death of a King, so impatiently waited, without one single Proposal, at so grand and chargeable a Consult from all Quarters of the World, of any other more trusty and more active Hand, for so desperate and important a Service. For the engaging Sir *George Wakeman*, and the Irish *Ruffians*, was not till many Months after, One

One very irreconcilable Blunder in this poor *Pickering's* Miscarriage: In your Narrative, Paragraph 19. you swear you saw Letters from *England*, to the Fathers of the English Seminary at *St. Omer*, in the latter End of *January 167<sup>2</sup>*. Containing an Account of one *Pickering*, that waits upon the *Jesuits* at *Sommerfet-House*, to shoot the *King* in *St. James's Park*, when he was at some distance from his Nobles and Attendants; but the Flint of his Pistol being somewhat loose, he did defer the Action till another Opportunity; and if he had done it, and had suffered, he should have had 3000 Masses for the Health of his Soul. And yet, at the Tryal of *Pickering*, you positively swore this Miscarriage of his Flint being loose, when he had a fair opportunity, but durst not give Fire, was expressly one Day, in the March following; for which Negligence he underwent Penance, and had 20 Strokes of Discipline.

Now, Doctor, can any thing in Nature be more strange, than that *Whitebread* should send the *St. Omers* Fathers, in *January*, a perfect Relation of a Crime not committed till the March following? And consequently, has not the unbelieving part of the World, a very just Ground to startle and tremble at such a Testimony of a good Conscience? as you call it, *Part 3. Page 4.* And would not all pitying Eyes be ready to melt into Tears, to see a King-killer Drawn, Hang'd and Quarter'd, upon such a doughty Evidence, that with any reasonable Man would not pass Muster for the Proof of a Petty Larceny, the stealing of an Alchymy Spoon, or a Brass Thimble?

And now, if possible to look so low, (for the Bottom on't lies in Hell) as to the whole depth of your Discovery. Here was a Papist-Plot to kill King *Charles II.* What was this King *Charles*, according to your own Picture-drawing, to be such an Eye-fore to the Papists, and so worthy of Death? Why truly, *A Person as deep, in the Po-*  
pish

*popish Plot, as the Duke his Brother, [Part 3d. p. 37.] where you tell how Coleman danced a Christmas Gambel at Tyburn, for his great Pains in the mighty Work, [viz. subduing the pestilent Northern Hereſie] your Brother, your Self, [the King and the Duke] and he had upon his Hands, Ditto, Part 3d. Page 59. The King [viz. King Charles] he was engaged for Popery and the French Interest, and Arbitrary Power, as well as your self, [speaking to King James.] Again, Page 64. You and your Party had so much Countenance from your Brother, who was engaged with you in the whole Popish Conspiracy, saving that of his own Life.*

Now this, belike, was the Man the Papists were to Kill; but, good Heavens, for what? when he was as deep in their own Mire as his Brother, and as great a Popish Plotter as he; and consequently, I cannot find the want they had of his Death; and unless they were such a Pack of Cut-throats, that they lov'd Murder for the meer Letchery of Murder-sake, I cannot guess why the ungrateful Popish Villains should so inhumanely lift a Hand against so stanch a Patron and Protector. But let that pass.

Well, however this King was to be destroy'd. The whole Root, Body and Branch of which Conspiracy, you give us, at length, in a Narrative, consisting of 81 Paragraphs or Depositions, being the full History of the whole Mystery of Iniquity. Mystery indeed!

Now it pleas'd Heaven, or some other over-ruling Power (which is all one) to inspire *Titus Otes* Clerk, a great Machinator in this Conspiracy, to turn a Protestant Convert, and discover this Plot. Accordingly, as you tell us in your Narrative, you made that Discovery to his Majesty on the 13th of August, 1678. by the Means and Introduction of that worthy and honest Gentleman Mr. Christopher Kirby. Now before you made this



Discovery, you tell us, in that very Narrative, Page 18. *That you had seen Packets to the Fathers at St. Omers, bearing Date Jan. 1. New Stile, 1673. in which the Fathers were assured, that his Majesty of Great Britain was brought to that pass, that if any Malecontents among them should not prove true to their Design, his Majesty would never give Ear to their Information.* Now foreseeing all this deaf Ear of the Kings, how came it about that you produced no Living Records; brought none of those *Whitebread-Commissions*, nor no other ocular Proof to open his Eyes and Ears? Did you believe that the sight of your Mosaick Face, and a bare Oath, would convince or awaken such obstinate Deafness and Infidelity, with no other Credentials; especially when your Discovery look'd with that unaccountable Face, *viz.* That the Papists should have a Hand arm'd against that Life, that *was so highly engag'd in their own whole Conspiracy?*

But, Doctor, no disparagement to your politick Head-piece, we'll allow you, for once, the only Excuse for that notorious Stupidity, *viz.* That you were that egregious Blockhead and Blunder, as to neglect that opportunity of preserving any of those substantial Treason-Testimonials, that daily came through your Hands; the producing of which might have found Faith with this unbelieving King, and indeed the whole World besides, and made him sensible that the bloody Papists had Russians at work to knock his own Brains out, and Armies to knock out ours; and consequently have prov'd to his Face, that the Title of *Saviour of the Nation*, (Reverend *Salamanca* Doctor) stood as stanch in your Scutcheon, as *Defender of the Faith in his.*

Well, but allowing that Neglect only a false Step of your Politicks, here's another most profound Piece of your Discovery. Of these 81 Paragraphs of your Narrative



rative, here's 24 of them the Series or Business of the Plot still carrying on after that *August* the 13th to *September* the 7th following, in all 20 Pages of Paper. In which last part of your Narrative (and all this after your Discovery to the King) you give us the greatest Transactions and Consults of the whole Conspiracy; particularly, that very 13th of *August*, *At Six at Night*, you, the Deponent, was not designedly, but by Accident, at a Sermon, preached by John Keins, to Twelve Men, poor in Habit, yet Men of Quality, as the Deponent supposes, by their white Hands; in which Sermon was deliver'd, That Protestants and other Heretick Princes were ipso facto deposed, because such; and that it was as lawful to destroy them as an Oliver Cromwell, or any other Usurper, Nar. Parag. 58. Again, *August* the 18th, your Doctorship was at a Consult, where Mr. Vincent Joseph, David Keymash, Mr. Dominick, Mr. Colins, Mr. Fedding, Mr. Mansell, and Mr. Laumsdale, all Dominicans, met and consulted with John Keyns, Father Hartcourt, Father Fenwick, Father Wright, Father Blundell, Jesuits; about killing the King, and carrying on the Design; at which Consult the Deponent was to and fro, and afterwards employ'd by them to carry the Proposals of the Consult to the Carmelites, viz. Dr. Hanson, Dr. Kimball, and Mr. Ferers, Nar. Par. 61. On Wednesday the 21st of August was another Consult held by the Jesuits and Benedictines, about the Irish Affairs; and a third Consult at Mrs. Saunder's House, of which the Doctor had notice, before the Meeting, by John Grove. Nay, the Irish Ruffians were all hired and sent down to Windfor, not till after the 13th of August, and the Doctor by at the telling out and sending the 80 l. after them, expressly the 22d of August. Besides, Conyers and Anderson were not engaged in the King's Murder till now; for Conyers, on the very same 22d of August, shew'd the Deponent his Dagger of a Foot long in the Blade, spick and span new, bought of the

old Cutler in Russel-street. And the same 22d the Depo-  
 nent met Mr. Blundel, with a Bag of Fire-balls under his  
 Arm. And the 30th following is shew'd by the said Blundel,  
 at Fenwick's Chamber, (being invited thither to see it) a  
 Paper sign'd by Whitebread, in the Name of the whole So-  
 ciety, containing a Scheme of the manner of Firing Westmin-  
 ster, Tooley-street, St. Thomas Apostle, and the King's  
 Ships at Wapping; Par. 63. and 67. Besides, Doctor,  
 at every turn, you are at your old Sport of Reading of  
 Letters, Packets, Memorials; particularly on the 2d of  
 September a Packet directed to John Grove from the Fathers  
 at Edenburgh, to tell the Fathers here, That they had 8000  
 Catholics ready to rise, when the Business grew hot, to join  
 with the disaffected Scots.

In all these many Consults, and Matters tranacted  
 since the 13th of August, we find this wonderful ill For-  
 tune, that the Jesuits, &c. should Meet, Cabal, Con-  
 sult, &c. with as much Vigour or more than ever, with-  
 out the least Hint or Breath of a Discovery made of their  
 Plot to his Majesty, from the 13th of August to the 4th  
 of September. *Monstrum Horrendum!* Dear Sir, was the  
 King so great a Champion of the Papists, and such a  
 sworn Friend of his Brothers, how little soever he be-  
 lieved your Testimony, as not to say one Word of all  
 this Matter to his Brother, and thereby alarm the whole  
 Party? Could a publick Introduction of a Plot-Dis-  
 coverer to a King, be made without the knowledge of the  
 Jesuits, who are the Spies of *Christendom*?

But grant all this possible; however, Doctor, from  
 your return to the Jesuits, after your Protestant-Conver-  
 sion and Discovery to the King, undoubtedly from that  
 Day you herded with the Papists again, only as a false  
 Brother and Spy upon them, in order to the producing  
 some stronger Credentials of your Veracity, than a bare  
 Oath to confirm your hitherto suspected Truth, so little

credited by the King. And if any such Plots were still carried on, why did you not stop in your Hands so treasonable a Paper as the New Proposals, subscribed by so many *Dominican* and *Jesuits* Hands, and trusted in your own Custody to carry to the *Carmelites*? Can any thing in the World have that Face of Impudence? Nay, has the Doctor himself the Front to tell us, That had he truly received any such Treasonable Proposals, in his new State of Penitence and Conversion from Popery and Plotting, to Confession and Honesty, that he would have made his second Plot-Discovery to Sir *Edmundbury Godfrey*, without one Rag or Scrap of Ocular Demonstration, when such Opportunities were offer'd him, such invincible Convictions, as even Records of Treason were thrown into his Hands, to set his whole Testimony at so fair a Light, and clear every Shadow of his hitherto misdoubted Integrity? Dear Sir, thou wert not such a Dunce nor Ideot, to let slip such an occasion: No, honest Picture-Drawer, I have a better Opinion of thy Wit: If any such Treasonable Subscriptions had ever been sign'd, and thy self employ'd for the Messenger, thou that tookst such care to thrust the Five impudent *Windsor-Letters*, that notorious Mass of Forgery into the World, as a Crutch to thy Plot, would'st have let drop those Shadows, for this more substantial Record; and not have made use of Imposture and Delusion to bolster thy lame Testimony, had there been any such Thing as Truth and Honesty to set it upright.

Well, but Matters were not carried so silently, but that [Narr. Parag. 75.] you tell us, *The Deponent saw a Letter from the Provincial, specifying, That the Provincial had been inform'd of some Discovery made, at which he was somewhat surprized; Parag. 76. The same Day, at Night, the Deponent went to visit the Provincial at his Lodging,*  
and

and was order'd to come again the Morning following, Par. 77. The next Morning, being the 4th of September, according to the 'foresaid Orders, he went to the Provincial; who, upon sight of him, askt him with what Face he durst look on him, since he had play'd them such a treacherous Trick? And struck him three Blows with his Stick, and a Box on the Ear, and charged him with being with the King, &c. which Intelligence he had from Father Beddingfield, &c.

Now, Doctor, here's a wonderful piece of Chivalry, for a bold Knight-Errant: The Discovery having at last, with much ado, in three Weeks time, reach'd the Ears of your Brother-Plotters, you were Master of that prodigious Courage as to visit the Provincial; nay, and to come again, upon Order, the next Morning. Now was not little *Titus* a Hero of the first Rank, that durst trust his sweet Person in the Hands of those very Men, whose Heads, Lives, nay, their whole Cause he had betray'd? Did he not expect the same *Conyer's* Dagger, or *Pickering's* Gun to be turn'd against his own Heart, that before was design'd for the Kings? What Mercy could he hope from those defeated Cut-throats and Ruffians, whom he had now expos'd to inevitable Gibbets and Halters? But did the tender-hearted Provincial (nay, and prepared too for the Doctor's Reception) provide nothing but a Cane to rebuke the Shoulders of a Renegado, Apostate and Traytor, to their whole Party? Could this Provincial, the very Head of a Conspiracy, against no less than the Life of Majesty, nay and of that very Prince, who had all his whole Reign been their Friend, Patron and Champion, now spare the Life of a poor Varlet and Miscreant, so false and treacherous to them, and upon whose Death the preservation of their own Lives so highly depended, by stopping his Mouth and hushing him silent with a Poinard? Good Heaven! How Satyr-like, hot and cold, do these Jesuits blow, to be all Fury in one Breath, and  
all

all Mercy in another ; all Dove, or all Serpent. Well, Doctor, bless Heaven thou escap'd'st so miraculously.

Besides, Doctor, to make this Romantick Caning of thine a little more stupendious. How comes it that the Grand Hinge of thy Veracity, Sir *Edmundbury Godfrey's* Murder, should look so ruefully in the whole Face of thy Plot? When we must suppose, that the Papists so highly resent'd thy Discovery of their Treasons, and made their Plot such a *Noli me tangere*, as to murder a poor Innocent Gentleman, for only barely taking thy Depositions against them ; and at the same time let the Discoverer himself, a Person ten thousand times more dangerous, pass and repass, safe and untouch'd, (a small Bastinado only excepted.) Can we reasonably believe, they were those virulent Bloodsuckers, as to murder a poor Justice of the Peace for only discharging his Duty? And all, God wot, to so little purpose! When instead of stifling thy Depositions (the grand Pretension for that Murder) the Discoverer himself was suffered to Live, Range and Reign, to make the same Discovery (if occasion) 40 times over again.

But truly to shew that the whole Set of Discoverers, in those Days, were all Birds of one Feather: The *Prance* and *Bedlow*, an Evidence much of thy own Stamp, *Neither Barrel better Herring*, &c. made a most lamentable Account of that unfortunate Gentlemans *Exit* ; for if we'll take their own Words, nay, and their Oaths into the Bargain ; they made as doleful Havock upon him, as the Two Testifying Elders upon *Susannah's* Chastity, between the *Mastick* Tree and the *Holm* Tree ; for they Murder'd him no less than *twice* over ; neither at the same Hour in the Day, nor the same Chamber nor Court in *Sommerfet-House* ; nor by the same Assassins or manner of his Murder, nor the same Hands or Conveyance to *Primrose-Hill*. But



But their Blunders, dear Doctor, lie not at thy Door: Thou hast enough of thy own. And therefore dear little *Oedipus* answer all thy own Riddles: Tell us how all this heterogeneous Medley can be reconciled to common Sense. We heartily believe the Popish Emissaries and Tools, as black as the heaviest Dash of thy own Gall and Pen can make 'em: However, 'tis possible to bely the Devil; and he that swears falsely even against a *Judas*, is himself a *Judas*.

But above all these hideous Incongruities, Absurdities, Amusements and Contradictions, that have composed your whole Testimony; in which you have over and over again been buffoon'd in almost whole Volumes, upon that copious Theme; to all which, with all the Meekness and Patience imaginable, when you have been smitten on one Cheek you have turned the other; and born it all with so profound a Silence, that, like a poor Lamb, you never so much as bleated against your Satyrical Persecutors; now, I say, besides all these Absurdities, here happens one yet more fatal Shock against your whole unhappy Foundation, *viz.* the greatest Prop that supported it is now taken away. For as all the Criminals in your Plot, I mean the Murdering Ones, as *Groves*, *Pickering*, *Whitebread*, &c. with all the strongest Abjurations to their last Breath, and the very Face of Eternity, denied all Knowledge of the Fact for which they died, asserting their Innocence with Vows, Oaths and Sacraments, and all the most tremendous Asseverations, even upon all their dying Hopes of Salvation; it was all along receiv'd as an Authentick *Roman* Dispensation, that their Ghostly Guides could absolve even a dying Lie, and for the good of their Cause, commission and empower their Zealots and Profelites to front Heaven it self at their very last Gasp, with Falsities, Imposture and Delusion, &c. This Doctrin well manag'd, noble Doctor,



Doctor, when time was, stood you in high Service, till this late unlucky Plot against King *William* utterly dash'd all. For after the Discovery of Capt. *Porter*, Capt. *Pendergrafs*, &c. here all the dying Champions of the *Assassination*, instead of the old Silence in your own Evidence-Reign; on the contrary, were so far from Tongue-ty'd in their Popish Cause and Service, that they all, more or less, made a dying Confession, justified the Truth of the Charge against them for which they suffer'd; nay, some of them even with a dying Shame, of being concerned in so vile and despicable a Design.

Now pray, worthy Sir, to ballance fairly between these two different Phenomena, in one and the same Case, as the Learned call it. A screw'd Gun against King *Charles* his Breast in St. *James's* Park, or a Musketoon against King *Williams* at *Turnham-Green*, were two Undertakings of much the same Stamp; and had there been the same Foundation of Veracity in one as the other, hang me, if I can tell why your Screw'd-Gunners should be so close, and their Musketooners so open.

If the *Romans* ever had any such Dispensation for a dying Lie, I suppose it is still in force; for I do not hear of any new Reformation in their Church, and that their Consciences are any ways more strait-lac'd now than formerly: And therefore if there be no such dying Absolutions among them, (as this last Universal Ingenuity by them, plainly speaks the contrary) I am afraid that honest Captain *Porter* is in the Right, and the not altogether so honest Colonel *Otes*, is a little in the Wrong.

This I am sure, That if the Good of their Popish Cause required it, and that were the Motive for a dying Falshy; the Criminals, in this last Plot, had thrice a

greater occasion for a dying Denial, than any of your own executed Conspirators.

In your own Popish Plot had the screw'd Gun been stanch, and the Criminals had confess'd any such Conspiracy; such a Confession would not have prov'd half so pernicious to the then Duke of *York*, as this last Confession has done to King *James*, and his whole Cause. For Instance: First you, and the rest of your Brother-Swearers, never charged the Duke with any part of the Assassination of King *Charles*; your *Groves* and *Pickering* acted not by any Authority, Privy or Consent of the Duke. And so, at best, though perhaps a Plot for his sake, was none, of his Assent or Commission. Secondly, The Duke of *York* was under no Abdication, was then safe under the Wing of a Protecting Royal Brother, an unshaken and invincible Champion in his Behalf. And lastly, The Duke of *York*, at that time, though under a Suspicion of Popery by his absention from our Church, yet had then never broken Faith with the Kingdom, violated Laws, nor subverted Governments, nor had any one of those Blots in his Royal Scutcheon, that have since render'd him the Universal Odium of the Nation; he was at that time under the Mask of Honour, Justice and Innocence, and consequently might in all probable Reason have surmounted all Dangers; and fenced against all the feeble Blows, from any such dying Confessions. But in this last Case; here was King *James* himself at the Bottom of this barbarous Conspiracy. A Messenger sent over to *France* to him, and his Brother *Lewis*; and the Attacking the Prince of *Orange* in his Winter-Camp, his own Commission. Here was King *James* actually ready to back the Bloody Blow, prepared for a Descent upon the Stroke of it. And, in short, all these dying Confessions were of no less Consequence then to shake the whole Fidelity  
of

of almost all the few Friends he had left in *England*, to render his future Restoration utterly impossible, the whole *Jacobite* Cause desperate, and the Nation sufficiently alarm'd against him; by opening them that lamentable Prospect of his Return, *viz.* That he, that before had so notoriously broke through all Oaths and Laws, and had now given them an Instance of his wretched, poor-spirited Condescension to Cut-throats and Russians for his Tools, what miserable Havock would he make, if remounted by Conquest, under the Liberty of sacrificing what Lives he pleas'd, and under the Shackle of no Laws at all.

And to sum all; if these dying Criminals, who tho' never so guilty, yet lying under neither Wracks nor Tortures to force their Confession, so that they had it in their Power at least to die *Mute*; nevertheless, though Papiests lay under that Obligation, belike, of discharging a dying Conscience, and speaking Truth, tho' to the utter Confusion and Ruin of their whole Party, and indeed their whole Hopes.

Now worthy Doctor, or rather Doctor worthy, (take which Title you best deserve) how far this last Plot corroborates *your Testimony of a good Conscience* (as you phrase it) let Reason judge. Nay, I'll appeal to your Self, whether the Mute-Criminals in your Plot, or the Speaking-Ones in this, have not equally discharged their dying Consciences, and consequently nor over-well vindicated your living Testimony.

Now, Doctor, pray let me give you a few Remarks upon the dismal Effects of your *Testimony of a good Conscience*. You loudly complain against Old *Hodge*, for the crying Mischiefs of his scurrilous Observations; That he was villanously aiming at Popery, and destroying the Church of England, notwithstanding his specious Pretences to defend it. Part 3d. Page 60.

Now, Doctor, you cannot think worfe of Old *Hodge*, than we do ; we own him a Mercenary Tool for the Popish Cause ; that his Hireling-Pen was drawn Right or Wrong, for his Popish Master's Service and Interest. But pray who set up that Scribler but *Titus Ores*, and the rest of his Brethren, *Affidavit-Men* ? Who found the Gall for his Ink, and Scandal for his Libels, and indeed the whole Subject for his Papers , but your Self ?

How many notorious Flaws and Incoherencies, did he daily find ( the Subject of almost half his Volume of Scribe ) in yours and your Brethrens *Testimony* ? Who supplied him Matter to bellow so high upon the Old Tune of Forty One, *viz. False Fears and Jealousies*, but your self ? When those very notorious Flaws, and your own whole slender Foundation of *Testimony*, as you call it, furnish'd him with a very reasonable Handle to lay hold of ? And therefore with a great deal of Truth and Honesty ( in that part at last ) to tell the World, That your tall black *Don Johns*, your circumcised *Eliors*, your Bloody Pilgrims and Black Bills, your invisible Commissions, your screw'd Guns and Silver Bullets, so awkwardly handled, and the rest of your Popish Artillery, were not altogether so frightful, as you had presented them ; and consequently, our Fears and Jealousies, from that Quarter, were not wholly so substantial. Faith, Doctor, his Pen was but the Cats Paw, and yours the Monkeys.

'Tis true, there was a Popish Plot a Foot, and a desperate one, as *Coleman's* Papers ( or rather the Fragments of them, for there was not half of them found ) sufficiently demonstrated. But as *Coleman* was a Plotter you light upon by chance, ( for as I remember you were so little acquainted with him, that you knew not his Face by Candle-light ) and his Politick Master so very dextrously

trouſly handed him out of the World, by a ſhameful Promise of Mercy ; and very fairly ſtopt his Mouth with a Halter, to prevent Blabbing : By this Maſter-piece of an Over-reach, here was the Grand Plot huſht, the ſenſible and truly Hellish Plot ſtified ; and nothing left alive but the barking Underplots, to grin and ſnarl.

And pray what follow'd all this Din of Snarling ? Why only this : The Amuſements, Weakneſſes and Shallowneſs of thoſe very Underplots, confounded the true One. Such a Parcel of wretched Discoverers, and no leſs wretched Discoveries, put even Truth it ſelf out of Countenance.

*Some Truth there was, but daſh'd and mix'd with Lies ;  
To pleaſe the Fools, and puzzle all the Wiſe.*

By this means, firſt, the Duke of York gain'd his Point : For there was ſo much of Ridicule, in this laſt part, as rather favour'd his Cauſe. For though the then Patriots of the Nation had a juſt Ground for the Duke of York's Excluſion, from the true Popiſh Plot, ſufficient to juſtify their whole Proceedings ; nevertheless, there were ſo many worthy Gentlemen, in both Houſes, ſo ſtagger'd with the Invalidity of theſe Under-Teſtimonies, as perhaps not a little contributed to the Eſta bliſhing his Succeſſion to the Throne.

It had likewiſe this farther unhappy Effect upon the King himſelf ; that undoubtedly had he had any Inclinations to do Juſtice to the Cries of his People, in his Brothers Excluſion ; here was ſuch a frightful *Mormo* of Plot-work then a foot, as was enough to ſtagger and confound any ſuch Inclinations.



So that upon the whole Issue, kind Doctor, your Self and your Brother *Bedlow*, and the rest of your Brothers of the same Quill, instead of the Saviours of the Nation, were really the Saviours of the Duke of *Tark*: Instead of the Champions of the Protestant Religion, were indeed the Guardians of Popery. And I so far concur with the World, that pitied and lamented the Severity of your *Tyburn*-Castigation, that nothing was either more barbarous, or more ungrateful in King *James*, than that single Injustice to Dr. *Otes*; for he stood indebted to you more hundreds of Pounds, than you had Scores of Lashes.

Now, Sir, that I may do you no Wrong in laying a little more Weight upon the Two Perjuries, proved against you, and which your self make so slight of in your Third Part, Page 4th. by calling them *pretended Perjuries*; as suggesting they were only forged against you, to serve a Popish Turn. Pray let me ask you if you do not Arraign the whole Justice of this present Government, in calling those Perjuries only *pretended* Ones? For, as I remember, sometimes since, you made your Endeavours and Application to get your Taint of Perjury repealed, and to be set *Rectus in Curia*, which was utterly refused you: They would not so much as listen to any such Thing.

Now, upon this Denial, what follows in Course, but that you were Convicted of Two Perjuries in the Last Reign; and that Conviction justified in This. For had there been Justice, Reason or Equity, in any such Repeal, undoubtedly it had never been denied you. No, Mr. *Otes*, a nobler Channel and Current of Honour and Justice runs thro' the whole present Administration, than to be deaf to the Cries of Injured Innocence:



cence: Witness the Publick Justice, done in the Repeal of the Taint against that ever-lamented truly English Worthy, the Lord *Russel*; as also Captain *Walcot*, &c.

If therefore *Titus Otes* Clerk, stands Convicted of Two Perjuries, he stands *justly* so Convicted. Nor was your Evidence against Mr. *Eliot*, though not in a Court of Record, much inferiour to Perjury: Besides one particular Record of Perjury against you, set forth, at length, by your Friend *Hodge*, long Years before your setting up for a National Evidence, in a private Cause, under your Father *Daniel's* own Country-Roof.

Now Sir, give me leave to say, without the Incurring that Premunire *viz.* of Arraigning the Justice of the Nation, That *no* is in the Breast of any Man, by the Charter of his English Liberty, to suspect the Evidence of a Person convict of Perjury, and consequently to doubt the Truth of your screw'd Gun Plot, or any other part of your Discovery; especially, when it has not Reason and Sense, as well as Forehead and Oaths, to go along with it.

'Tis true, there seems to be one current Argument, (I wish, in Charity to you, it were true *Sterling*, and would bear Touch for you) that speaks (or at least you'll make it speak) in your Behalf; which is, *That if what your Swore, in your former Evidence, were not groundd upon Honesty and fair Truth; how came it to be received as such?*

Really, Dr. *Otes*, there must go a great deal of more Sinewy Reason to convince the Judicious, than that slender  
flender

slender Argument. In the first place, Doctor, we are all but Men, the Wisest in the World are no more; and, as such, are subject to Error. Besides, all Popular Out-cries have naturally a strange Dint of Force at their first Surprize and Alarm; and even the greatest Collective Bodies of Men may sometimes be imposed upon, by an Original Novelty, whilst Imposture and Fraud may be obtruded upon them; when, upon cooler and longer Debate and Consideration, the *Mormo* may be detected, and the Collusion discover'd. Besides, Time and Inquiry set Matters upon a much righter Bottom: That which looks fair to Day, by Convictions of Falsity, Forgery and Perjury, may look foul to Morrow. New Matters may so occur, that what's a Judicial Sentence one Day, in the highest Court in the World, may be Repealed to Morrow; and yet neither the Judge nor Jury blameable. Besides, the strongest Opinion of the wisest Man, or greatest number of such, is no Bar to any Man's second Scrutiny; nor shall one Man's Judgment or Faith, conclude mine. And to shew you that even the wisest in the World may err; Do we not read, That even *Solomon* himself set up Idolatry? Is it to be supposed that a Man of his unequal'd Wisdom, the particular Gift of God himself, when he indulged the High Places, and other Idolatrous Worship, was not guilty of a very great Oversight?

But to come a little nearer your own Case; it is not even the Universality of an Erroneous Opinion, that excuses the Error. We read, That the whole Body of the Jews, notwithstanding they had not only been delivered, by Miracle, in their wondrous Passage through the Red Sea; nay, were at once both Led, Fed, and Clothed, along their whole Pilgrimage through the Wil-

Wilderness, by a continued Chain of Miracles, *viz.* Led by the Pillar of Fire by Night, and Cloud by Day; Fed by a constant Shower of Heavenly Manna; and Cloath'd by those Raiments, which, in Forty Years Travel (of the three not the least Miracle) never wore out: And yet these very People, all in a full Cry together, upon no more than Forty Days Absence of their Leader *Moses*; and even after all this, I may say, Immediate Communication even with God himself, wanted a Golden Calf to go before them. Nay, their other Leader *Aaron* was forced to comply with the Torrent, and both subscribed and assisted to the product of this Calf. And yet neither the Universality of the Popular Votes for the Calf; nay, even the Royal Subscription to it (for so I may not improperly call the Assent of the Leading *Aaron*, as the then Supreme Magistrate among them) could give either Truth, Sense, or Justice, to the product of the Calf; nor did even the Assent of *Aaron* as a meer Compulsive One, declare his own true Belief in the Calf. He complied with Necessity, and was over-ruled by Power.

Now, Doctor, for a concluding Admonition: As you have thus generously, for the Nation's Service, managed and must'r'd about 40 Sheets, in Three Volumes, containing so Ample and Critical an Inquiry into the Mis-managements of Two whole Reigns; now, to crown all, look homewards, and do your Self a little Service (not all for the Publick) by retrospecting into your own short (though too long) Evidence-Reign: In which, pray be so kind to your Self, your Friends, and the whole World, as to bestow a few Hours, and Three or Four Sheets, upon your own Defence and Justification; Unravel, Answer and Confute, all these grinning Contradictions against You; *For great is Truth,*

(if you have any on your Side) *and will prevail.* I assure you, Sir, 'twill be a Work highly worth your Labour: And though your near Twenty Years Silence, argues you guilty of a great Neglect of your own Personal Reputation, 'tis not yet too late to mend that Fault. Besides, this Vindication of your self, has a Reference to the Publick Satisfaction; and you'll oblige the Nation, nay, and the Protestant Religion it self, by washing off all Blemishes, &c. For that unspeckled Church loves neither Impostors nor Hypocrites.

Therefore, dear Sir, let us beseech you to be your own Compurgator, either one way or the other, *viz.* by Disburthening the long Load of Reproach that has lain upon you, in clearing your Innocence: Or otherwise to be so Ingenuous and Candid, as to own your Faults. 'Tis not the first time that false Oaths have been taken, and Innocent Blood been shed: And as Perjury is but a Breach of One Commandment, as Murder of Another; the Breach of the whole Ten has been forgiven: And therefore, Doctor, despair not of Mercy; but be kind to your self, in taking the first fair Opportunity of that publick Confession and Acknowledgment, as may lay hold of an Infinite Goodness, and set you Right in a higher Court of Record, than the *Kings Bench, viz.* in the *Book of Life.*

## P O S T S C R I P T.

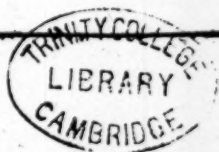
**O**NCE more I desire my Reader to be assured, That both the Author and Publisher hereof, are true and unshaken Friends to the present Government; and as real Abhorrrers and Detesters both of the *Romish* Superstition and Interest, as the deepest Gall of even  
*Titus*

*Titus* his Pen can write himself. And, whereas in the preceding Discourse we have taken occasion to mention the Death of Sir *Edmundbury Godfrey*; we desire the World to believe, That we no ways endeavour to insinuate, that that unhappy Gentleman kill'd himself, being very well satisfied that he was basely murder'd; tho' at the same time, we cannot come up to that uncharitable Faith, that the Persons that died for it were the real Murderers; when not only the Inconsistence of the Evidence against them, but likewise the dying Denials of the Criminals, even under Oaths and Sacraments, so strongly confirm our Disbelief.

*Fiat Lux.*

May Heaven, in its due time, give a clearer Light into that Tragical Mystery.

After this candid Confession of the well-meaning of the Author of this Paper, we desire the Reader to believe, That we are sincere Lovers of TRUTH, and as her Champions only, we have set Pen to Paper.



**F I N I S.**